

EXHIBIT

A

* My rectum
was burning me
very badly, but the
bruises and the swelling
were around my anus. *

Michael Calvin, 171195
Central New York Psychiatric Center
P.O. Box 300
Marcy, New York 13403

March 29~~th~~, 2011

"Greetings!" I am filing this grievance because my life is in extremed danger by lieutenants and captains in DOCS, and it is also in danger by Mr. Sawyer, the head of Marcy, Psychiatric Center.

After my court hearing for what I am in Marcy, Psychiatric Center for; not eating my food in DOCS because lieutenants and captains in DOCS had been influencing inmates and cooks to put bodily fluids in my food, if Mr. Sawyer sent me back to DOCS; lieutenants and captains are going to have inmates kill me for the Green Haven 2000 lock down which lieutenants and captains in Green Haven Correctional Facility had thought I had caused to happened.

In 2003 lieutenants and captains in Green Haven Correctional Facility had influenced officers to assaulted me by banging my head into a wall and causing me to be having memory problems right now. Just because I had made friends with over a thousand inmates.

After I had made friends with over a thousand inmates, a group of inmates in the Green Haven's Correctional Facility population were inspired by my action; as a result, they lock the facility down and asked the governor of New York State at the time for good time and better medical treatment which they did not receive.

After the lock down, lieutenants and Captains in Green Haven had blamed me for the lock down, and since then; they, lieutenants and captains throughout the state of New York, are out to get me for the incident in Green Haven Correctional Facility in 2000. ~~After the lock down, and~~

While I was still in Green Haven Correctional Facility in 2000, 2001, 2002, and March of 2003, lieutenants and captains were encouraging inmates to putting water in my food, passing gas beside me, and touching me on my bottom.

They, lieutenants and captains, were encouraging a group of inmates in the population to do these evil things to me because they had wanted me to fight with those inmates who were doing what they were influencing them to do to me so that they could

assault me and then tell lies on me saying that I assaulted them; however, I had refused to fight because I was and still am a nonviolent person.

Everywhere I would go throughout the Green Haven Facility, they would have staff members contributing towards the conspiracy to help lieutenants and captains trapped me off in population. They would have commissary workers, nurses, teachers, counselors, sergeants, officers, inmates, dentists, dentists' assistance, you name it; you would have them helping lieutenants and captains trying to get me to do evil by provoking me in everyway possible so that they could assault me and then tell lies on me saying that I assaulted them, but I had refused to do something that was not and still is not apart of me, evil.

For example, before the lock down, when an inmate is buying his food, including me, in the commissary and if he does not receive an item or two that he should have received, then he would tell the officer who is in charge of the area and he or she would let him go back to the commissary window to get the item or items. However, after the lock down, they had told inmates who worked in the commissary at the time that when they are getting my items

together, if they do not feel like give me an item or two, they do not have to give it or them to me.

A lot of times inmates would not give me items which I had requested, even though they would have those items in stock. What the cashier would do then was took pay for those items even though I did not receive them. I could not get to check my items correctly because officers would say I ~~am~~ ^{am} ~~was~~ holding up the commissary line and would want to write me up. So I would go back to the bullpen and would check my commissary, then I would notice that I did not receive an item or two or sometimes three. I would tell the officer in charge to let me go back to the commissary window to get some items that they took pay for that I did not receive and he or she would say, get those items on your next commissary day. Nevertheless, the officer in charge would let other inmates go back to the commissary window to get items that they did not receive.

You see, everybody was working together against me because they had wanted me to do evil. This is just one example out of many.

From now on I will referred to lieutenants and captains as Naggie. Naggie was a lieutenant at the

time in Green Haven and he was the head of everything that was going on at the time with me. If you find Naggie, you will find everybody who was involved in assaulting me.

All the evil things that they were doing to me in population, Naggie could not stand the fact that I was not fighting, cursing, or swearing to hurt someone for what everybody was doing to me.

In March of 2003, Naggie had influenced officer Miller and officer Ticka to come up to where I was locking at the time and told me to step out my cell, after I had come out my cell they told me to walk up to the end of the company. As I turned my back and was walking. Officer Miller slammed both his hands into my back, grabbed my shirt and was trying to throw me onto the ground. I held on to the bars with both my hands while officer Ticka was beating my hands from the bars with his stick.

They finally threw me onto the ground and called for other officers. While I was on the ground, they kicked me all over my body and sat on top of me, and twist both my hands and one of my feet until my hands and my foot were sprained.

They almost kill me. When they felt that they were finished hurting me, they handcuffed me and was taking me to the box, but while I was on my way going to the box; the officers who were taking me slammed my head into a wall. As a result, I am having memory problems upon till now. After everything was over, they told lies on me saying that I assaulted officer Miller and officer Ticka and gave me six months in Southport box.

While I was still in Green Haven's box waiting to go to Southport's box with six months, Naggie called Southport and told them that I was coming over there and that they should practice the exact things that they, Naggie, were practicing around me while I was in Green Haven. Those things were: putting water in my food, passing gas beside me, and touching me on my bottom.

The only reason why inmates did not touch me on my bottom while I was in Southport was because Southport was a twenty three hour lock down Facility, but putting water in my food and passing gas beside me, they did those things to me while I was there. To pass gas beside me they would be in their cell beside me and would put their bottom

on the bars and passed gas and it would come right over into my cell. Sometimes they would put so much water in my food I had to throw it away.

While I was in Southport peacefully doing the six months that Naggie had lied on me and gave me, two inmates who smoked cigarette who were locking beside me did not have any cigarette to smoked and were waiting and another inmate to bring some to them, but the officer who was running the company did not want to let the inmate with the cigarette on to the company. So I heard one of the inmates who was locking beside me came up with the idea that he was going to flood the company with water and the officer would then have to let the inmate with the cigarette onto the company to clean up the water and then they would get to have their cigarette.

About two minutes after he had come up with the ~~the~~ idea to flood the company I heard them flooding the company with water. After they had finished flooding the company, an officer came to my cell and said to me that he was on the catwalk and saw my toilet flushing to flood the company with water and that it was me who had flooded the company. I did not know what to say to him; well of course I had said it was not me who had flooded the company, but they still took me off level two and brought

me down to level one and gave me about a month on level one. After I had finished the month on level one, they brought me back up on level two.

They knew it was not me who had flooded the company, but they said it was me because they did not want me to go to level three from level two.

After I had finished the six months and was getting ready to leave Southport, a lieutenant had called Arburn Correctional Facility and told them that I was coming over there and that they should practice the same things that they, Southport, were practicing around me while I was there.

When I was actually leaving Southport, two officers and a sergeant were standing beside each other watching me getting ready to leave, one of the officers said to me, "hey," so I turned and looked at him and he said, "We are going to get you." He said it a second time, "We are going to get you." Then he spat on the ground and used his foot to rub his spit onto the ground. I did not know what to make of what he had said, but I hold it in my mind and continued to do what I was doing.

When I reach Auburn Correctional Facility, everybody knew I was coming, staff members and inmates. They put me in C Block on the flats. The next day, all the inmates who had passed my cell to go to chow, looked into my cell. Every period between breakfast, lunch, and dinner, they had about seven hundred inmates pass my cell to go to chow. Out of the seven hundred, about five hundred would look into my cell.

This would continue, and continue, and continue until they moved me to A Block. When I reached A Block, inmates started disrespecting me by sticking their tongues out at me, holding their penises at me, touching me on my bottom, passing gas beside me, and putting urine in my food.

It was the same as Green Haven Correctional Facility, everywhere I would go throughout the facility, they would have staff members and inmates doing evil things to me trying to get me to do evil so that they could use it against me, but I still had refused to do something that was not apart of me, evil.

I would write the Inspector General and

told them what lieutenants and captains were doing to me in Auburn Correctional Facility. I will referred to lieutenants and captains in Auburn Correctional Facility as Quen. Mr. Quen was a lieutenant in Auburn at the time, he was one of the heads of everything that was going on with me. If you find lieutenant Quen, you will find everybody who are involved in the conspiracy to either hurt me again or kill me.

While I was still in Auburn, lieutenant Quen would call everybody who I was in contact with. He had called the Inspector General office and told them that they should ignored me or give me bad services, which they did. He had called C.O.R.C, Central office Record ^{Committee} ~~Center~~, I believed, in Albany and told them that they should ignored me and if I sent any grievances to them they should remind me of Southport and refused my grievance, which they did.

He had called a Smith Corona Typewriter place which I was doing business with and told them that they should give me bad services, which they did. Furthermore, they ^{even} stole my brand new typewriter key board and gave me an old one because of lieutenant Quen.

My sister, Yvonne Calvin, usually send me fifty dollars

every two weeks, one hundred dollars every Christmas, and one hundred dollars on every birthday of mine. Lieutenant Quen had called her and told her something, I do not know what, she stopped. I usually spoke to my two daughters on the phone in Brooklyn, New York, lieutenant Quen had called them and told them that they should cut the phone off, which they did.

Everybody who I was in contact with lieutenant Quen had called them and told them that they should either give me bad Services or ignored me or cut their phone off or cut giving me money. I must mention that the money that my sister ~~was~~ usually sent me I would buy food with every cent of it.

Mr. Kennally was my counselor at the time in Auburn Correctional Facility, one day I told him that I would like a transfer. I told him that I would like to go to either Attica, Eastern, or Sing Sing Correctional Facility. He told me that I was not eligible for none of those facilities, which was a lie. He told me that the only facility I could go to was Clinton Annex, I wanted to leave Auburn so I said, Yes. I must mention that it was lieutenant Quen who had told Mr. Kennally to send me to Clinton Annex because they knew what they were going to do to me.

Before I left Auburn to Clinton Annex, lieutenant Quen had called Clinton Annex and told them that I was coming and that they should practice the same things that they, lieutenant Quen, were practicing around me while I was in Auburn Correctional Facility.

When I reached Clinton Annex, they had put me in a dorm right beside the Clinic and the gym. About half an hour after I had walked into the dorm, inmates started passing gas beside me and sticking their tongues out at me. I had spent about a month in that dorm, then they called me to see the Program Committee. I told them that I would like messhall, but they told me there was no more opening for the messhall. They had lied to me because right after they had told me that they had given inmates jobs in the messhall.

They had told me that the only job they had left was a porter job. So I said let me have it because they said I have to have a job. About a week later they packed me up and sent me to another dorm right beside the messhall.

While I was in this new dorm right beside the messhall, about three days while I was there,

inmates started passing gas beside me and playing with my food. This went on for a while. One day a lieutenant in Clinton Annex influenced an inmate to put feces on a bagel and let me ate it. After, he, the lieutenant, had influenced the inmate to put the feces on the bagel, he sent about five inmates to tell me who was the guy who did it. The guy and I were locking in the same dorm. The reason why the lieutenant let me know who had done it was to either try to have me cut the guy, stabbed the guy, or killed the guy so that they could assault me and then tell lies on me saying that I assaulted them, but I still had refused to do something that was not and still is not apart of me, evil.

The lieutenant even called N. P. R., National Public Radio, and told them to put the incident over the radio, I am talking the incident with the bagel, which they did and I heard it. It was on a Sunday, August 31st, 2008.

About two months while I was still in this new dorm right beside the messhall, officer Leveen told lies on me saying that I did not clean the dorm floor after he had told me to do it. They locked me up and put me in cell.

When you are in dorms and you are being keeplock, they put you in cells. One day while I was in the cell, I was having chest pains so I reported it and they sent me to A.T.C.I., American Training Center Instituted. A.T.C.I. did not have any space to put me so they sent me to A.M.C., Albany Medical Center Hospital.

While I was there in A.M.C., a lieutenant from Clinton Annex had called A.M.C. and told them that they should practice some of the things which they, Clinton Annex, had been practicing around me. Some of those things were: passing gas in the room with me in there and dragging their shoes onto the ground. Also, that same lieutenant from Clinton Annex had told a doctor in A.M.C. to give me medication to enlarging my chest, ~~he did~~ which he did.

About three days in A.M.C., they had released me to Clinton main hospital. While I was in Clinton main hospital, that same lieutenant who had called A.M.C., had called Clinton main and told them to have inmates play with my food, which they did.

About two days in Clinton main hospital, and

even though Mrs. Johnson, the head Doctor of Clinton main hospital, had told me that something was really wrong with my blood, that I had low Potassium in my blood and that was what was causing me to be having chest pains. Officers in Clinton ~~hospital~~ main hospital had told me to leave the hospital because nothing was wrong with me, and if I did not leave they were going to put things in my food. I did not want them to put anything in my food so I left.

When I came back over to Clinton Annex, my cell time was up and they put me in 10-2 dorm. While I was there in 10-2 dorm, inmates were doing the samethings to me, passing gas beside me, sticking their tongues out at me, and holding their penises at me.

While I was there in 10-2 dorm, every morning at 4 o'clock I would get up and go into the bathroom to washed-up. On January 11th, 2009, I went into the bathroom to washed-up, but before I washed-up, I used the toilet. As I was using the toilet, an inmate came into the bathroom and went into the stall next to the one that I was in. As I was there and was getting ready to come out, I heard another inmate came in.

About five seconds after he had come in the light when out. At first I thought the bulb blew, but none of the two inmates who were in the bathroom at the time ~~was~~^{was} saying anything about the light. I got very scared, so I hurried up and do what I was doing and as I came out the stall and passed the stall next to the one that I was in, the inmate who was in there rushed out at me and held me around my neck.

At this time I saw the next inmate at the bathroom door bending over. I did not know what he was doing then, but now I understand that he might have been tying his shoes lace. While I was there trying to get the first inmate's hands from around my neck, the second inmate rushed over to where we were and started punching me. I was trying to boxing ~~ing~~ off his hands and was trying to screamed, but the first inmate's hands were around my neck. At times the second inmate would punch me on my hands, in my chest, and in my face. While this was going on he was trying to pulled my pants off. During everything he told me that I should, "Man up." He took a pen out of his packet and stabbed me on my upper right hand. He finally pulled my pants off and about ten seconds move or less after he had removed my pants he knock me unconscious. I somewhat woke up in the ambulance going to A.T.C.I hospital.

As I ~~was~~^{I feel} in the emergency room and was fully awoke, my whole body ~~was~~ hurting me. My head, face, chest, neck, back, and hands were hurting me, and my rectum was burning me very badly. My lip was also bleeding. I called one of the officers who had escorted the ambulance to the hospital and let him know that I was raped by inmates.

He then told a nurse and a doctor and while they, the nurse and the doctor, were getting ready to examine me. The officer called I.G., Inspector General and C.C.I., Clinton County Investigator. After the nurse and doctor had examined me, the Inspector General and the Clinton County Investigator came over to me and were ~~at~~ asking me what happened. I told the Clinton County Investigator what had happened and ^{he} wrote it down and had me signed it.

I told the Inspector General what had happened also, but during his questioning, he was shouting at me saying that I should admit that I am gay. This was the first time we were meeting each other, but he was telling me that I was gay, which I am not. After everything was over, they sent me upstairs and they examined

me again. After they examined me they told me that they found bruises and swelling in my rectum.

The next day the doctor who had examined me downstairs came upstairs and told me that they did not find any evidence of rape. I do not know if they were trying to cover up the rape by saying that they did not find any evidence or they just did not see the bruises and the swelling in my rectum.

The next day A.T.C.I. had released me to Clinton Correctional Facility main hospital. While I was in Clinton main hospital, that same lieutenant who had called the radio station from Clinton Annex, had called Clinton main and told lieutenants and captains that they should have inmates play with my food and that they should practice the same things that they, Clinton Annex, were practicing around me while I was in Clinton Annex.

While I was in Clinton main hospital inmates were playing with my food. They were putting their hands in their pants front and using that same hand to handle my tray. Furthermore, officers did not want me in the hospital. So I told the officer that

I would like to leave. The next day they let me leave and released me to Clinton main Correctional Facility, in C-Block.

About two weeks in C-Block inmates started passing gas beside me, playing with my food in the messhall by putting their hands underneath their armpits and using that same hand to served me my toasts, and sticking their tongues out at me. I wrote the Inspector General and told them about what lieutenants and captains were doing to me.

About a year in Clinton main I put in for transferred, but before I left a lieutenant had called Cossackie Correctional Facility and told them that I was coming over there and that they should practice the same things that they, Clinton main, were practicing around me while I was in Clinton main. Before I reached Cossackie Correctional Facility staff members and inmates knew I was coming.

About a week in Cossackie inmates started holding their penises at me and passing gas beside me. I had spent about four months in Cossackie and during all these time a lieutenant had influenced inmates to put blood on my toast, urine in my

B.B.C stands for British Broadcasting Corporation.

diet tray, and cold from an inmate nose in my food.

After they had put the blood on my toast, a lieutenant in Cossackie had called B.B.C., British Broad Casting ~~System~~ ~~Inc~~ corporation, in England and told them that they should report on any situation that contained blood, which they did and I heard them. B.B.C. is a radio station in England.

Cossackie had sent me to Sullivan Correctional Facility, but before I left, the same lieutenant who had called B.B.C. in England, had called Sullivan and told lieutenants and Captains in Sullivan that I was coming over there and that they should play with my food. While I was in Sullivan, in M.H.U., Mental Health Unit, an officer who was taken me to the shower purposely slammed the handcuff on my right hand and when he was getting ready to take them off he roughly removed them causing the cuff to pulled my skin with the removal of the cuff. Which left me with a big gash in my wrist. Even though the cut could not stop bleeding and I had asked him to please let me see a nurse, he had said that the cut was nothing. The next day a lieutenant had come to speak to an inmate who was locking next door to me, so I showed him the cut

and he asked me how did I get it and I told him. Then he said I should show it to a nurse. The night the same officer who had purposely cut me had served me my food and had put toilet water in my food just because I had showed the lieutenant the injury.

When I had reached Sullivan from Cordsackie, my high blood pressure medication pills were two pills one time a day. While I was there, a lieutenant had influenced a doctor to reduced my high blood pressure medication to one pill twice a day. The lieutenant did that so that I could have a heart-attack and die. He knew this could happen because I had complained in a couple of grievances saying that inadequate high blood pressure medication could cause me my life.

One night after they had reduced my pills I was having chest pains and I called an officer and told him that I was having chest pain and that I would like to see a nurse. He told me that all the nurses went home and that I should wait until tomorrow to see one.

About two weeks in Sullivan Corr. Fac. and Sullivan sent me ^{to} Down State Corr. Fac, ^{but} Before I left, Sullivan,

had called lieutenants and captains Down State and told them that I was coming and gave that the things that they should practice while I was there.

I spent about two days Down State and while I was there a lieutenant had influenced an inmates who worked in the mess hall to served me my hot dogs with dirty gloves. They ~~are~~ ^{were} still trying to get me to fight with inmates, but like I have said before that evil is not apart of me.

They had transferred me from Down State Correctional Facility to Sing Sing Correctional Facility, but before I left Down State lieutenants and captains had called Sing Sing Correctional Facility and told lieutenants and captains in Sing Sing that I am coming over there and that they should practice the things that they had given them to practiced while I ~~am~~ ^{am} in Sing Sing. Those things were: playing with my food, passing gas ~~before~~ ^{beside} me, sticking their tongues out at me, and holding their penises at me.

As soon as I reached Sing Sing Correctional Facility inmates and cooks were playing with my food. I could not eat my food without a lieutenant in Sing Sing influencing inmates and cooks to put bodily fluids in it. I wrote the Inspector General and told them

about what lieutenants and captains were doing to me, but they did not do anything.

In Much of 2010, a lieutenant had influenced the tallest cook in the messhall to put feces on a bagel and gave it to me. On May 12, 2010, the same lieutenant who had influenced the cook to put the feces on the bagel, had influenced inmates and cooks to prepared extra food with urine in it for me in the messhall. The original meal was red beans and rice, but they also served green beans and I was the only one around the table with green beans. The urine was in the green beans. After I ate it I threw up.

On August 22, 2010, the same lieutenant who had influenced the cook to put the feces on the bagel, had wiped his penis on my August 22, 2010, breakfast bread and after he did it he called a radio station, W. B. A. I., and told them to put the incident over the radio so that I could hear it, which they did and I heard it. W. B. A. I. telephone number is: (212) 209-2900.

~~Also, while I was there in Sing Sing, inmates were passing food beside me, sticking their tongues out at me, and holding their penises at me.~~

Also, while I was in Sing Sing that same lieutenant who had wiped his penis on my bread, also influenced one of the cooks in the messhall to used a hyprodermic needle to put urine in my box milk. He also influenced one of the cooks to used a hyprodermic ~~a~~ needle to pulled the milk out of the ~~milk~~ milk boxes. This incident happened a day before I came to Marcy, Psychiatric Center. I had showed the milk boxes to Officer Samuel and Officer M. Vara.

While I was there in Sing Sing, inmates were passing gas beside me, sticking their tongues ^{out} at me, and holding their penises at me.

I must mention that this call that each facility is calling to tell each other that I am coming to their facility, lieutenants and captains call this call the "heads up" call.

This is where Mr. Donald Sawyer comes in because he has also received one of those calls.

I had spent about a year in Sing Sing Correctional Facility and they had transferred me to Marcy, Psychiatric Center on December 22, 2010, but before I left Sing Sing, the same lieutenant who had wiped his penis in

my August 22, 2010 breakfast bread, had called Mr. Donald Sawyer, head of Marcy, Psychiatric Center, and told him that I am coming to the Psychiatric Center and gave him, Mr. Sawyer, the things that he, Mr. Sawyer, should have his staff member and patients practice while I am in the building

After receiving this call from this lieutenant who had wiped his penis on my bread in Sing Sing, Mr. Sawyer then informed most of his staff members concerning me and what they should practice around me.

Two of those things are: putting things in my food and passing gas beside me.

About a week in Marcy, Psychiatric Center, inmates started passing gas beside me. About five weeks in Marcy, Psychiatric Center, staff members started playing with my food. On January 31, 2011, two staff members had influenced a patient to wipe his penis on my bread. The morning after the incident, a staff member associated the occurrence with the lieutenant in Sing Sing who had wiped his penis on my bread and then put the event on the radio by singing R.A.D.I.O and Calvin was his name. I had stopped eating cook food for six days and was only eating snacks until a staff

member told me about the kosher tray. I signed up to see the dietitian and I asked if I could get the kosher meal, and within two days I had received the first tray.

When I received it on the eight of February, 2011, it was contained a lot of water. I called a staff member by the name of R.J. and showed it to him. Let me say that the kosher trays have three compartments: the meat, the food, and the vegetable. The water was only in the meat compartment. The food and vegetable compartments were very, very dried. Someone had used a hypodermic needle and put water in the meat compartment. The rest of trays which I had received from the ninth onto the twenty first of February, 2011, did not have any water in them.

However, on February 21, 2011, right after I had just finished eating one of the kosher trays, immediately I felt my stomach started hurting me furiously. Then my lips and my face started to become numb. Right after that my whole head and face were swollen and numb, and my hands and feet were also swollen. I was very dizzy and weak. I cried, and I cried, and I cried because I thought I was going to die. However,

Even though I had told a staff member, twice, that someone had put something in my food, he, told Stafanny, a nurse, that it was a food allergy.

Doctors had given me two injections for what they thought was a food allergy. However, I do not allergic to any food, including fish and tomatoes' sauce, which was the food that they thought had caused me to be sick.

These are the food that I had been eaten that day on February 21, 2011 when I got sick and almost died in Marcy, Psychiatric Center:

I had nine fish sticks on 3-4-11.

I had beef sausage and peppers with Spaghetti in Marinara Sauce on 3-8-11. I had fish on sandwich roll

on 3-11-11. I had ten fish sticks on

3-18-11. I had bake lasagna with sauce

on 3-25-11. I had mashed potatoes on

3-16-11. I had mixed vegetables on 3-16-11.

And I had Boost Plus Asst since it was prescribed for me all the way up to 3-18-11.

I had eaten the above mentioned food after February 21, 2011 to prove that I am not allergic to any of them. Someone had put something in my food that day.

I am asking Mr. Sawyer after my court hearing please do not send me back to DOCS, Department of Correctional Services because my life is in extremed danger by

lieutenants, captains, Superintendents, Sergeants, officers, doctors, and inmates in DOCS throughout the State of New York.

I am also asking Mr. Sawyer to please take me out of Marcy, ~~Psych~~ Psychiatric Center immediately because my life is also in danger in Marcy, Psychiatric Center and put me in Brooklyn House where I will be secured from those who want to hurt or kill me. I am asking Mr. Sawyer please do not call Brooklyn House if I should go there.

I am also asking Risk Management to please contact someone in Albany who has the power to make what I am asking happens for me because I do not want to die.

Thank you very much for your time and your help. Thanks once again.

Ms. Cheryl Meyers is my Doctor.

Sincerely,

I am not eating my food, or trays. *

Mr. Cali